

Friends for Life, Enemies Forever

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Summary: An old friend from the Naval Academy visits McGarrett. But what has he really come to Hawaii for?

Friends for Life, Enemies Forever

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## Friends for Life, Enemies Forever

by Teresa L. Conaway

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"Anatov."

"This is Dalton. Meet me in Honolulu on the 13th."

"Why?"

"I've got the documents."

There was silence from the other end.

"Honolulu is no good. There is a cop there named McGarrett."

"I know about McGarrett."

"He is an operative for--"

"I know who he works for," Dalton snapped.

"Then you know he is dangerous."

"I'll take care of McGarrett." Dalton slapped his hand against his thigh, anxious to end the risky phone call.

"It is not good."

"Look, it has to be Hawaii. I'm taking my family there on vacation and...I...I have that problem to take care of at Pearl."

Another long silence.

"Listen Anatov," Dalton said impatiently, "I know McGarrett. I can handle him."

"It is too risky."

"McGarrett was my roommate at Annapolis. He won't be a problem."

"Your roommate? You are friends then?" Suddenly the voice sounded suspicious.

"I can handle McGarrett! Do you want the goods or not?"

"Ok. Ok. Honolulu on the 13th. Where? When?"

"Noon. Harley's Pizzeria on King Street."

"Do you need our help with the problem at Pearl?"

"No. I'll take care of it."

"You are making us nervous."

"I'll take care of it!" He slammed the receiver on the hook and looked up and down the busy street. The wind was howling outside, whipping snow and ice through the air. He dreaded leaving the relative warmth of the glass phone booth. He pulled up his overcoat collar and stepped out into the bitter cold potomac air. He flagged a taxi.

"Where to?" the cabby asked.

"The Pentagon."

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Steve McGarrett read the note a second time and looked curiously at Jenny, his secretary.

"This is the message?"

"That's it boss."

He looked at the small piece of paper again and read it out loud. "Three bricks to the bow approaches." He looked at Danny Williams across the room.

"A warning...? A threat maybe?" Danny offered.

McGarrett shook his head and wrinkled his brow. "Three bricks to the...." his voice trailed off. Suddenly his face lit up. "Three bricks to the bow approaches!" He slapped his palm on his desk. "It's

Bricks Dalton, my old roommate at the Academy. This must be his way of telling me he's coming to visit."

Just then the office door swung open and a short man with thinning blond hair, wearing blue shorts and an obnoxious aloha shirt, swaggered in. "On your feet swabby," he bellowed. "You're in the presence of a superior officer."

McGarrett leapt to his feet and raced to meet the man. "Bricks!" he called out as the two men locked in a bear hug. "You old reprobate, what are you doing in my jurisdiction?"

"I couldn't spend my vacation in Hawaii without looking you up, Chisel," Bricks said, slapping McGarrett on the back for effect.

"Chisel?" Danny echoed, grinning broadly and looking to his boss for an explanation.

"A nickname, son. He was so somber back at the Academy that his face always looked like it had been chiseled from stone. Fits his personality too, don't it?" Bricks chided.

"At least," McGarrett said, chuckling, "it's more dignified than 'Bricks.'" McGarrett turned to Danny. "Danno, I'd like you to meet Bricks Dalton, Major General Roger Dalton, U.S. Marine Corps, nicknamed 'Bricks' because every time he got on the water, he threw 'three bricks to the bow' over the side."

Danny looked puzzled.

"He means I lost my lunch, son. Not a good omen for a future naval officer. But not a problem for a grunt."

McGarrett laughed and slapped his old friend on the back. "How long will you be in the islands, Bricks?"

"Till the thirteenth." Bricks circled McGarrett's desk, sat in the executive chair, leaned back, and put his hands behind his head. "Pretty cushy, Steve. How'd they ever get you chained to a desk?"

McGarrett chuckled and pulled up a seat across the desk from Dalton. "I get my share of the action."

Dalton snorted. "As I recall, your share of the action was usually 100%."

"Let's say I've mellowed since then."

"Sorry to hear that, Steve."

After Danny Williams left they talked easily, as though it had been only twenty-five days, not twenty-five years, since that June day in 1949 when they left Bancroft Hall for the last time. After a while Jenny stuck her head in the door.

"The Governor's on the phone, boss."

"Put him through, Jenny," McGarrett said, standing and walking to his

desk.

Dalton stood and walked to the door. "I can't believe you're working for civilians, Steve."

McGarrett chuckled. "It's not so bad."

"Join us for dinner tonight, Steve. I'd like you to meet the wife."

McGarrett nodded, reaching for the ringing phone.

"Golden Dragon. Eight o'clock. Bring your lady."

McGarrett chuckled at the "bring your lady." Twenty-five years ago Dalton would have said "broad." He gave a "thumbs up," accepting the invitation as Dalton closed the door behind him.

"Yes, Governor."

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A little later, Dalton turned the key to a heavy metal door with the number "37" carefully painted on it at eye-level. He looked quickly down the empty corridor. He pushed open the door and slid into the dark room, flipping on the light and tossing his keys on one of the twin beds.

Rooms at the Nuuanu YMCA weren't fancy, but they were clean and cheap. For nine dollars a night he had a safe haven from his family which was encamped in luxury at the Royal Hawaiian at Waikiki. He had been spending a little time in this room each day of the week he had been in Hawaii. He needed the seclusion it provided to think about the distasteful things he had to do.

He walked to the window and pulled back the curtains. It had started to rain. He watched for a moment as cars passed on the Pali Highway three stories below. It reminded him of a rainy day six years ago; the day when his life had begun to fall apart.

It was March 4, 1968. It should have been the proudest day of his life. He stood out the window of his hotel looking down at the traffic on Pennsylvania Avenue where commuters had begun to make their way home in the rain.

That morning, in a solemn ceremony at the White House, his family--wife Tammy and their three young children, Steve, Scott, and Sally--had watched as President Johnson draped the Congressional Medal of Honor around his neck. That morning he had been the hottest thing in the Marine Corps, already decorated as a fresh-faced Lieutenant during the Korean War and on the fast-track to his first star. Only nineteen years out of the Academy, he was already a bird colonel, the highest ranking member of the Class of 1949.

After the ceremony Tammy had taken the kids to the Washington Zoo while he made the rounds at the Pentagon. That was the arrangement; he loved the kids but they tried his patience. He tried to spend some time with them every day, but the big projects--the zoo, the beach, the movies--were Tammy's responsibility. Afterwards he returned to the hotel, planning to take a short nap before he took the family to

dinner.

The phone was already ringing when he got to the room.

"Hello."

"Colonel Dalton?" a friendly voice with a slight foreign accent asked.

"Yes."

"We know about Alberto."

Alberto? Dalton's heart skipped a beat, then another one, and he broke into a cold sweat.

"Who is this?" he asked finally, trying but failing to keep fear out of his voice.

"We will call again." Click.

He stood paralyzed for several moments. He stared at the telephone handset, not sure whether to believe it had happened.

Alberto, his lover for the last two years. The first stable relationship he had had with a man since he had accepted his homosexuality at age sixteen. He hadn't acted on that acceptance until he was twenty. It had been a pathetic one-night-stand with a lonely St. John's student he had met at a bar in Annapolis. Afterwards he made it a rule not to see the same man more than twice. A rule he had never broken...until Alberto.

A noise in the hall brought him back to the present, to the stark reality of the bare room at the "Y", and to the cold, hard facts. Today he had to kill Alberto.

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McGarrett rubbed his temples, trying to fight off the headache he could feel coming. He had worked on the budget proposal for three straight days. He hoped he could finish in time to go home, shower, and change clothes before meeting Bricks for dinner.

He looked at his watch. Noon. He picked up the next budget form. I hate paper work, he thought. If I had a nickel for every hour of paperwork I do, I wouldn't need a budget appropriation.

There was a knock at the door and Kono entered.

"This just came in by special courier, boss," he said, handing McGarrett a locked, blue pouch.

Oh God, he thought. Not now.

He nodded to Kono and waited for him to leave the office and close the door behind him. He reached into his pocket and pulled out his key ring, fumbling to find the right key. He unlocked the pouch, pulled out a red folder, and studied its contents.

After a moment he put down the file and rubbed his temples again. It was too late; the headache had won. Sometimes he regretted his role in the intelligence community. He was getting too old for cloak and dagger.

He pressed a button on the intercom and summoned Danny Williams into his office. When Danny arrived he handed him the photo from the file.

"Take care of this for me, Danno. Name's Dimitri Anatov. He's heading for the islands. Let me know when he gets here and arrange surveillance."

Danny looked at the picture. It showed a rather nondescript, foreign-looking man. Danny knew what the blue pouches were. He had learned not to ask questions; McGarrett would tell him what he needed to know, when he needed to know it.

"Right, Steve. I'll get on it."

McGarrett returned the file to the pouch, locked it, and then locked it into his office safe. He picked up the budget form and went back to work.

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Dalton stared out the window, presumably watching the tropical scenery pass by the taxi's window. But he wasn't interested in the scenery. He was thinking. Thinking about Alberto.

He reached into the pocket of the green garrison uniform he had put on in his room at the "Y". He had checked a dozen times since he had gotten into the cab; yes, the small tin--an aspirin tin--was still there.

He looked down for a moment, his eye catching the solitary ribbon over his left breast pocket: white stars on a light blue field, the Congressional Medal of Honor. He thought about all the other medals in his desk at home: the Silver Star, the Bronze Star, the Navy Cross, the Distinguished Service Cross, the Purple Heart. Sometimes Dalton felt he was a prisoner of the blue and white ribbon. When people saw it they expected heroic things. To Dalton, the medal had proven his courage, his manhood. Yet, it just made others expect more and more from him.

His heart beat quickened as they passed through the gate at Camp Smith. He felt his resolve begin to fade. He couldn't do it. He couldn't kill Alberto. He broke out in a cold sweat and could feel his heart pounding.

"Wait." He tried to catch his breath; he feared he would hyperventilate.

"Whatsamatta, Bruddah?"

"Get off the base," he said hurriedly. He felt waves of nausea threaten to overwhelm him. "I've changed my mind."

"You're the boss." The cabby turned the cab around and headed back the way he had come. When they passed through the gate Dalton felt

his anxiety begin to subside.

"Where to?"

Dalton looked at the driver's concerned eyes staring at him in the rear view mirror. He had wanted to be inconspicuous, just another Marine. He could forget that now.

"Anywhere. Just take me a few blocks and drop me at a phone booth."

The cabby shrugged. "Whatever you say, Bruddah."

A few minutes later Dalton was in a phone booth in front of a Chinese laundry, trying to decide what to do next.

McGarrett. He could turn himself in to McGarrett. Maybe swing a deal, turn double agent. Give Anatov misinformation. Salvage at least the semblance of a career. McGarrett was the answer. He carried enough weight in the intelligence community to help him cut a deal.

He picked up the phone and dialed.

"Hawaii Five-0," a woman's voice answered.

He opened his mouth to ask for McGarrett but the words wouldn't come out.

"Hello?"

He hung up.

He could not tell Steve McGarrett that he had been giving military secrets to the Soviets for six years. He could not tell Steve McGarrett that the Soviets had used photos and films of him with his gay lover to blackmail him into betraying his country. He could not look into McGarrett's disapproving eyes and tell him his dark secrets; he didn't have that much courage.

What if he couldn't cut a deal? He would be finished. Disgraced. Poor Tammy. She had put up with a lot in the last fifteen years. How would she and the kids make it if he went to prison for treason?

Steve McGarrett was probably the closest friend Dalton had ever had, but he couldn't turn to him for help. He looked at the blue and white ribbon on his chest. It was meaningless; he knew he was a coward.

He picked up the phone again and dialed.

"B Company, Sergeant Paczesny."

"Major Cotroni please."

He listened as the call was switched to another phone. It seemed to take forever. Then he heard Alberto's voice answer.

"This is Major Cotroni."

"Alberto."

"Roger?"

"Yes."

"My God," Alberto asked, his voice now in a hushed whisper. "Where are you?"

"I'm in Honolulu. Can you meet me somewhere?"

"Meet you?"

"Alberto," Dalton said, struggling to sound sincere. "I want you back. I...."

"Of course I'll meet you. My house? Tonight?"

"No. It has to be sooner. I already have dinner plans with my wife."

"She's here?"

"My whole family is with me. It's our vacation."

"Jesus, Roger. Couldn't you have picked a better time?"

"I can't talk about it now Alberto. Can you meet me earlier or not?"

"Three o'clock? I can leave early I guess."

"Where are your quarters?"

"Off base. Hokio Place, number 721. Just past the park."

"I'll see you there." Dalton returned the phone to its cradle and leaned on it for support. He felt the nausea begin to creep up again, but fought it back. Killing Alberto was unthinkable. He had killed many men, and even some women, during his tours in Korea and Vietnam. But he had never killed in cold blood before. He wasn't sure he could do it.

He spotted a seedy neighborhood bar across the street. He headed for it, hoping a few beers would numb his feelings so he could kill.

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Danny Williams slid his black sedan into a parking space across the street from the Ilikai Hotel. He watched as the taxi he had followed from the airport deposited its passenger and his luggage--a single overnight case--at the curb.

It was Anatov. No doubt about it. He waited a few minutes before leaving his car and trotting across the street, dodging a convertible and two taxis. He walked into the lobby just in time to see Anatov enter the elevator with a bell hop.

A quick flash of his badge at the desk and he had Anatov's room number and a look at his registration card. He had registered under his own name; just another Soviet diplomat on vacation.



A few minutes later, back at his car, he had Central patch him through to McGarrett.

"Yeah, whattaya got, Danno?" McGarrett's voice barked at him over his car radio.

"Anatov's here, Steve. He's taken room 1101 at the Ilikai. He's reserved the room for three days."

"Three days? That makes it...the thirteenth."

"You want me to stay here and tail him?"

"No, I need you here Danno. Someone's gotta do the real work while I waste my talents on the budget. Get a couple HPD plainclothesmen to stake him out for us."

Danny chuckled. He knew how much McGarrett hated paperwork. "Right. Williams out."

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Dalton's hand was steady as he knocked on the front door of 721 Hokio Place. He had had the taxi drop him off at the park and he had walked the several blocks to Alberto's house. He knew he was leaving a trail a cub scout could follow; but if all went as planned, there should be no reason for anyone to look for a trail.

The door opened. Alberto--younger, taller, and darker than Dalton--stood casually in the doorway. Dalton noticed that he had lost a few pounds and looked trim and immaculate in his crisp fatigues. Alberto had the classic recruiting poster look that the Corps liked for its officers: tough, disciplined, and intelligent. Dalton always marvelled that such a gung-ho looking officer could have been the product of a civilian university ROTC program; Vanderbilt, he thought.

Alberto's green eyes sparkled. He stepped back to let Dalton enter the foyer.

"Good God, Roger. I don't know whether to kiss you or salute you."

"I think we ought to talk before you do either."

Alberto smiled. "This way," he said, taking Dalton's arm and leading him to the living room. They sat together on the sofa.

Dalton took a moment to compose himself. He looked at Alberto sitting expectantly beside him. He loved Alberto and regretted what he had to do. First though, he had to put him off guard. He took a deep breath and told Alberto he wanted him back, that having him transferred to Hawaii had been a mistake, that he couldn't live without him. He never mentioned Alberto's threat to report him for giving top secret military documents to the Soviets if he didn't resume their relationship. He oozed sincerity. When he finished he knew he had given the performance of a lifetime.

Alberto's eyes told Dalton that he had bought it. He believed him,

maybe because he wanted so desperately to believe him. Alberto stood and pulled Dalton to him. They embraced. Dalton could feel his heart pounding and for a moment almost lost his nerve again. Gently, Alberto pushed him away, took his hand, and led him to the bedroom.

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Steve McGarrett stood in his shower and let the warm water beat on his chest. God it felt good. Last night he hadn't made it home. He had had to settle for a couple hours sleep on the office sofa and a bird bath in the sink. Damn budget season.

He grasped the shower handle and jerked it to the right. Icy cold water hit his chest and made his skin scream. He ducked his head under the water and let it run down his back and thighs. Warm showers made him sleepy and sapped him of his energy. He had learned years ago to end his showers with an icy blast.

After a few moments he turned off the water and dried himself with a towel before wrapping it around his waist. He went to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator. It was virtually empty, as usual. Just a few cups of yogurt, some figs, dates, a fresh pineapple, and a gallon of orange juice.

He poured himself a tall glass of orange juice and downed it. A few years ago his secretary had accused him of having eating habits that would kill a goat. He had changed all that. He hadn't eaten red meat for three years. Through sheer force of will he had become a health food nut.

A quick glance at the kitchen clock reminded him that he didn't have much time. He dressed quickly, his mind occupied with business. Five-0's budget request would go to the Governor's office tomorrow, where a gaggle of fresh-faced budget analysts straight out of college would attack every entry, questioning both their necessity and amount.

Then there was the drug sting operation Chin Ho was coordinating in Maui. McGarrett was trying to stay out of that one. He was learning to delegate more authority; he just couldn't do it all himself.

But what occupied his mind most tonight was the blue pouch from Washington.

Dimitri Anatov. Ostensibly a low-level diplomat in the Soviet embassy, he was suspected of espionage but so far there was no hard evidence. Rumor had it that Anatov had come to Hawaii to connect with one of his suppliers, presumably someone high in American intelligence or military circles. Washington wanted McGarrett to catch him in the act.

McGarrett knew he should handle Anatov personally, but instinct told him that the drop, if there was one, wouldn't take place until the thirteenth, the day Anatov was scheduled to leave Hawaii. It was far more likely that he would arrive early for a few days holiday than that he would stick around afterwards with the incriminating documents in his possession. Anatov's flight on the thirteenth left for the mainland at 3:30 p.m. McGarrett calculated the drop would be sometime that morning or early afternoon. Until then he would let

Danny Williams and HPD handle it.

When he finished dressing, McGarrett picked up the report Danno had handed him on his way out of the office at 6:30. The HPD officers had reported that Anatov had left the Ilikai at 2:00 wearing his swimsuit. He went to the beach where he lay in the sun for nearly two hours.

Two hours? McGarrett whistled. From his picture, Anatov was as white as they come. He'll regret those two hours by morning.

Afterwards Anatov had dressed, casually, and gone alone to dinner at Trader Vic's. Then he returned to his room.

Probably starting to feel the sunburn, McGarrett thought.

A little later, following the short drive from his Waikiki apartment, McGarrett opened the large red doors of the Golden Dragon. He looked at his watch. He was right on time. Knowing Bricks, he and his wife were already inside and seated.

A pretty little Chinese girl dressed in traditional costume bowed several times when McGarrett entered. She was Sue Lee, 16-year-old daughter of the owner, Wing Lee, and McGarrett knew she had a terrible crush him. He bowed in return, saying "Evening gorgeous," and flashed her a smile and a wink that he knew would have her on the phone with her girl friends all night. She blushed and rushed to greet the next guest.

He spotted Bricks at a table in the rear, a prime location. McGarrett had called ahead and asked Wing Lee to give Bricks and his wife special treatment. He flashed a Shaka to Wing Lee behind the bar and walked to Bricks's table.

"So this is the lady who won your Marine green heart, Bricks."

"Steve!" Dalton leapt to his feet and pumped McGarrett's hand enthusiastically. "You're right on target, Steve," Dalton said, steering McGarrett to an empty chair. "This is my wife, Tammy."

McGarrett steadied his gaze on the petite brunette who smiled at him demurely. She was not what McGarrett would call beautiful, but her elegant features and classic dress made her pleasing to look at. McGarrett guessed she was old money, the perfect wife for an ambitious Marine Corps officer. He remembered the coarse women Dalton had always dated and discarded.

"And he has told me nothing about you, Tammy," McGarrett responded, directing his Hawaiian charm toward Bricks's wife. "Tell me, how did you meet?"v Tammy Dalton smiled warmly and squeezed her husband's hand. "I was a senior at Sweet Briar when I met the dashing young Major Dalton at a hop at V.M.I."

"I was at Command School at Quantico, Steve," Dalton contributed. "And you know I can't pass up a military ball."

"It was love at first sight," Tammy continued in her soft southern accent. "For me, at least. He was so handsome in his uniform."

McGarrett could tell from Tammy's adoring glances at her husband that her love had not diminished over the years.

"Hush, darlin'," Bricks said, putting his arm around his wife's slender shoulders. "You'll make me blush. By the way, Steve," he said, frowning at McGarrett, "where's your lady?"

McGarrett smiled and handed his menu to the waiter. "I haven't been as fortunate as you, Bricks," he said after they ordered. "There's no lady in my life."

Bricks snorted. "Say it ain't so! You used to have to beat 'em off with a stick."

McGarrett winced, remembering how Honolulu magazine had named him Hawaii's "Most Eligible Bachelor" for five years running. "No one wants a cop, Bricks," he said, hoping Dalton would let it drop.

Dalton got the message and quickly steered the conversation to their Academy days. "Remember that geek firstie who rode you our whole plebe year? What the hell was his name, anyway?"

McGarrett choked on his hot and sour soup and cleared his throat. "Mr. Carter. I'll never forget Mr. Carter. I still have nightmares about Mr. Carter."

"Yeah, that's him. What an egghead! He sure had it in for you. Didn't he go into submarines? I wonder whatever happened to him?"

McGarrett laughed. "I saw him speak at a law enforcement conference in Atlanta last year. He's--"

"Don't tell me he's a cop!"

"Nope. He's the Governor of Georgia."

Dalton's jaw dropped, and for the first time in McGarrett's memory, Bricks was speechless. Before Bricks could recover, Wing Lee approached the table carrying a telephone.

"Phone call, Mr. McGarrett," he said, substituting "Ls" for the "Rs" in McGarrett's name.

McGarrett picked-up the handset reluctantly. "McGarrett."

"Steve," he heard Danny's voice say. "Sorry to disturb you."

"What is it, Danno?"

"Dead Marine, Steve. I think you'd better come take a look."

"Can't you handle it?"

The silence at the other end told McGarrett that he had surprised Danny with his reluctance to put work ahead of his personal life for once. "We found some classified material, Steve," Williams said finally.

McGarrett sighed. "What's the address?....Got it. I'll be right

there."

"Don't tell me--" Bricks said after McGarrett returned the handset to its cradle.

"I'm sorry," McGarrett said, rising to his feet just as the waiter arrived with his dinner. "This is why no one wants a cop."

"Don't apologize for doing your job, Steve," Bricks said. "I wouldn't."

Traffic in Waikiki was snarled. It was almost 9:00 when McGarrett parked his sedan behind the morgue wagon in front of the modest bungalow. He burst out of his car and walked urgently to the front door where Danny Williams was waiting for him.

"Show me what you found, Danno."

Williams handed him a number thirteen envelope. "I didn't find it, Steve," Danny said as he raced to keep up with his boss who had entered the house without breaking stride. "H.P.D. found it while they were looking for an address for next-of-kin."

McGarrett nodded curtly to the two morgue attendants waiting in the foyer. He stopped abruptly in the living room, beside the sofa where the naked body of a muscular, dark-haired man lay. There were no marks on the body and no blood. He studied the body carefully, then, when the photographer finished, he motioned to the morgue attendants to bag it.

He opened the envelope Danny had handed him. It held six pages, all marked "Classified" and "Top Secret." One page was engineering specifications; the others were schematic drawings of a new sonar device. He stuffed the papers in the envelope and put it in his inside jacket pocket.

"Tell me what we've got, Danno," he said, letting his eyes take in the room's details. The only thing out of the ordinary was the body on the sofa. "Who is he?"

"Name's Cotroni, Alberto Cotroni. He's a Marine officer."

"Rank?"

"Major. Infantry. When he didn't show up for a planned inspection his Commanding Officer sent the Shore Patrol over to look for him. The S.P. called H.P.D."

McGarrett snorted. "That's a first. An S.P. who knows where his jurisdiction ends."

"There's no sign of foul play, and nothing else really out of the ordinary except in the kitchen." Danny led McGarrett into the immaculate kitchen. "When I got here the dishwasher was still warm and latched, as though it had been run recently." He opened the dishwasher door, taking care not to smudge any fingerprints. Inside on the top rack were two Smithsonian Institution coffee mugs. "Who runs a dishwasher for just two mugs?" Danny asked.

McGarrett nodded. "Bag'em and have the lab boys go over everything." They went back to the living room where the morgue attendants had finished bagging the Marine's body and were carting it away. "Show me where H.P.D. found the envelope."

Danny took McGarrett to an antique roll-top desk in another room. "The envelope was in the center drawer. I haven't touched the desk. I thought you would want to search it yourself."

"Good work. You coordinate with Doc and Che, and search the rest of the house yourself. If you need help, call in Kono. Don't use H.P.D. Too many eyes have already seen too much."

"Gotcha, Steve."

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Three hours later McGarrett was back at his desk, burning the midnight oil and eating lo mein out of little white boxes Wing Lee had sent over. It had been a productive three hours.

The only thing of interest in Cotroni's desk had been a key to a safe deposit box at Pearl City National Bank. John Manicote had quickly gotten him a court order and had met him at the bank with the bank manager. The box had contained documents he couldn't show Manicote, mostly top secret communications between the Pentagon and the White House.

There must be a connection between Cotroni and Dimitri Anatov's visit to Hawaii, McGarrett thought. But how does a mud grunt get his hands on classified Naval documents? And, according to the H.P.D. plainclothesmen shadowing Anatov, he hadn't left his hotel room since returning from dinner except to buy a jar of Noxzema at the hotel gift shop.

McGarrett had also swung by Camp Smith and obtained Cotroni's service record. The dead man had always served in infantry, never with naval intelligence. Two tours in Vietnam, the Bronze Star for Valor, several unit citations. He was the epitome of the dedicated Marine officer. So where did he get these documents?

Steve expected Danny Williams to arrive shortly with Doc's and Che's reports and the results of his search of the bungalow. Unless one of them had turned up something, McGarrett knew he had an impossible job ahead of him.

A few minutes later Danny swept into McGarrett's office carrying a shoe box, which he set on the desk.

"Whaddyagot, Danno?"

"Something you're not going to like much, Steve," he said, taking a seat in front of the desk.

McGarrett rubbed his forehead, feeling that morning's headache coming back.

"Give it to me straight."

"I found this shoe box in one of Cotroni's closets. It's full of

photographs and letters." Danny took one of the photos out of the box and handed it to Steve. "Isn't that your friend, General Dalton?"

McGarrett looked at the photo, and for a moment his face flushed. It was Bricks Dalton, sitting on a blanket on a beach.

McGarrett nodded. "Tell me more."

"There are thirty-four photos in this box. Dalton is in all of them. Cotroni is in some of them." He took two more photos from the box. "These two pretty much tell the story."

Steve took the photos, not sure whether he wanted to look. The photos were of Bricks and Cotroni together. One was taken on a dance floor. When McGarrett looked closely, he could see that all the couples were men, including Bricks and Cotroni. In the other, probably taken at a party, they were embracing and kissing.

McGarrett looked at Danny. He refused to believe what he saw. The Bricks he knew could never do such a thing. "There could be many innocent explanations for these pictures, Danno," he said slowly. "They don't necessarily prove--"

"There are also six letters from General Dalton to Major Cotroni," Danny interrupted. "I wish I didn't have to tell you this, Steve," he said softly, "but your friend and Cotroni were...uh...lovers." He handed McGarrett one of the letters.

McGarrett read the first page. "Are they all like this one?" Danny nodded. McGarrett put the letter in its envelope and, his hand shaking slightly, returned it to the box. He didn't want to see the others.

"Keep this between us for now, Danno. If Cotroni died of natural causes, this a matter for Naval Intelligence, not Five-0. If it's homicide, though...."

"Che said he'd have his report ready first thing in the morning."

"What about Doc?" McGarrett asked, glad for the change of subject.

"He ought to be here any minute. He had just gotten the lab reports when I talked to him half an hour ago."

As if on cue, the door opened and Dr. Bergman shuffled in, looking even more disheveled than usual at such a late hour. He tossed a manila folder on McGarrett's desk.

"Was it worth staying up for, Doc?"

"Nothing's worth staying up this late, McGarrett," he retorted as he flopped into the other chair.

McGarrett opened the folder and scanned the front page. "'Cause of death: Cardiac Arrest.' That's it? Come on, Doc. Give." He tossed the folder back on the desk.

Bergman leaned forward and put his hands flat on McGarrett's desk. "Be-still tree," he said.

"It's late, Doc."

"High concentrations of cardiac glycosides, oldendrin, and nerioside were in his bloodstream."

"Which means?"

Bergman grinned and leaned back in his chair. "Oleander toxicity. He was poisoned, maybe on purpose, maybe accidentally. The 'Be-still tree,' as the Hawaiians call it, is the leading cause of accidental poisoning on Oahu."

"Poisoned?" McGarrett tossed a quick look at Williams. "What's your gut tell you, Doc?"

Bergman stood, stretched, and yawned. "My visceral reaction? He was poisoned deliberately. The concentration was more than triple that of the typical accidental oleander poisoning. Can I go home now?"

"Yeah, Doc. And thanks."

"What now, Steve?" Danny asked quietly after Bergman left.

McGarrett slapped his hand on the desk. "I don't believe it," he said angrily, his jaw clenched. "Any of it. Bricks Dalton is no more homosexual than...than I am! It must be a frame of some sort. It certainly doesn't prove he murdered Cotroni or had anything to do with those documents."

Danny looked quietly at his boss. "He's capable of killing, Steve."

McGarrett nodded. He couldn't think straight. It was too much. "We have to take this a step at a time, Danno," he said finally. "What motive could he have? Did Bricks or Cotroni have access to those documents?"

Where was Bricks when Cotroni was killed?" "Motive could have been blackmail," Danny offered.

"Blackmail? How?"

"Maybe Cotroni blackmailed Dalton for those documents, threatening to reveal their...relationship...if Dalton didn't get him what he wanted."

McGarrett nodded. That was the most plausible explanation, but he still refused to believe it. "There's one way we can find out whether Bricks had access to those documents." He picked up his phone and dialed a number he knew by heart: Jonathan Kaye, at the Central Intelligence Agency in Washington, D.C.

"Jonathan Kaye," the voice at the end of the line answered.

"Jonathan, this is Steve McGarrett."



"Steve! My God, don't you ever sleep? It must be the middle of the night there."

"No sleep for the weary, Jonathan. You know that," McGarrett said, with perhaps a little more feeling than he intended.

"Is something wrong? Do you have anything on Anatov?"

McGarrett sighed. "Maybe. I need to ask you about some classified material. Danny Williams is here with me. He saw some of the material accidentally."

"I think it might be time to get Danny a security clearance."

"I agree," McGarrett said, sorry that he had to bring his friend into the clandestine world in which he operated so often. "I need to know who would have had access to specifications and designs for the Atherton XF-987, a sonar device."

Kaye whistled. "The XF-987? How did you find out about that? It's still in the development stage. Only a handful of scientists and officers even know of its existence."

"Just tell me who had access, Jonathan."

"Nine people, including me, had access to the XF-987 project." McGarrett listened carefully as Kaye told him the nine names. His face turned ashen when Kaye said the seventh name: Major General Roger Dalton, U.S.M.C.

"All right, Jonathan," McGarrett said when Kaye finished. His voice shook a little as he asked his next question. "Of those nine people, how many of them would have had access to communications between the Pentagon and the White House regarding Soviet-American policy?" McGarrett braced himself for the answer.

"Thanks, Jonathan." McGarrett said finally. "No. No. I'll brief you as soon as I know more." He hung up.

McGarrett looked at Williams, almost ashamed of what he had to say. "Only Jonathan and Bricks had access to both kinds of documents we found in Cotroni's possession."

McGarrett stared intently at the clock on his desk, thinking; thinking hard. He could feel Danny's eyes watching him, trying to read his mind.

"Steve...."

McGarrett shook his head. He didn't want to talk about it. He didn't even want to think about it, but he couldn't stop the memories that were racing through his mind.

Four years. He had lived with Bricks Dalton for four years. Bricks was the only person in the world in whom McGarrett had confided his innermost fears and his most outrageous dreams. They were brothers, in all but the literal sense.

And now to learn that that brother was.... McGarrett shuddered. The

thought of Bricks's perversion was bad enough, but the possibility that he was involved in murder and treason sickened McGarrett. His anger began to well up inside and he had to fight to control it. He didn't want Danny to see him like this.

McGarrett stood and walked out on the lanai. He felt as though someone had just kicked him in the stomach. His oldest friend, a decorated combat hero, a Medal of Honor winner, was a homosexual, a prime suspect in a murder investigation, and might even be implicated in espionage. It was too much for one night.

Danny came out on the lanai after McGarrett had had a minute to think. "What do you want to do, Steve?"

McGarrett turned and noticed for the first time how tired and haggard Danny looked. "Go home, Danno. Get some sleep. There's nothing we can do until we get Che's report."

Danny nodded and left quietly, knowing that if his boss slept at all that night, it would be on the office sofa.

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Bricks Dalton boarded the small launch and took a seat. The sun shone brightly that afternoon, but Dalton's spirits were not nearly so bright. He no longer had to worry about Alberto, but at what cost? Alberto was the only person Dalton had ever truly loved, and now he was gone. But he knew he had to go on with his life. He had to rescue his career and regain his self respect. He resolved to find a way out from under Anatov's thumb and to be faithful to Tammy.

Poor sweet Tammy. Even after all these years she still loved him as blindly and as naively as a college girl. But behind her southern belle facade was a strength of character that had carried her through his three tours of duty in Vietnam and had enabled her to raise three children with almost no help from him.

Marrying Tammy Powell had been purely an opportunist move for him. She had been the right girl at the right time. She had the connections that would make him more attractive for rapid advancement in the Marine Corps: a father who was a power broker in Virginia politics and an uncle who was the state's foremost attorney and now sat on the United States Supreme Court.

For years he had divided his attention between his career, his lover, and his wife and family, with his wife and family coming last. He would make it up to them now, he promised himself. He owed it to Tammy.

He half listened to the sailor giving the standard speech to the tourists about their destination, the Arizona Memorial. He wondered why Steve had called that morning and asked him to meet him there. Probably just wants to make up for last night. Where better for two old Annapolis buddies to hold a reunion than at Pearl Harbor?

When the boat reached the Memorial, Dalton was the last to disembark. He saw Steve standing in the center, looking to the horizon through one of the Memorial's dramatic windows.

"Chisel!" Dalton said, slapping McGarrett on the back. "You look like

a Firstie just nailed you."

McGarrett shook his head sadly and turned slowly to face Dalton.  
"I've been nailed, Bricks, but not by a Firstie."

"Huh?"

"I was just thinking, Bricks, about the men who died here. Thinking of their courage, their patriotism, their loyalty, and how they died at the hands of dishonorable men. I was thinking about how at Annapolis you and I pledged our lives to be part that tradition."

Dalton looked puzzled, wondering why McGarrett was so morose on such a beautiful day. It was then that he noticed two other men wearing suits in contrast to the tourists' shorts and aloha shirts. They were closing in slowly, as though waiting for a signal to spring the trap.

"We got a search warrant this morning, Bricks, and searched your hotel suite while you and your family were at the beach."

"Searched my suite? Why in hell--"

"We found a key to a room at the Nuuanu YMCA."

Dalton's eyes widened. He felt a wave of panic beginning to overtake him, and for a moment considered running. But where would he go? Now he knew why McGarrett had chosen the Arizona Memorial for this meeting. In desperation he considered leaping into the water. Then he noticed the Coast Guard cutter that had quietly positioned itself offshore, and the police helicopter hovering overhead.

"At the 'Y'," McGarrett continued, "we found an aspirin tin containing a residue of a highly concentrated oleander powder."

"Powder?" Dalton whispered, his heart pounding so loudly he could barely hear himself speak.

"The same powder you used to murder your...." McGarrett stopped, the words sticking in his throat. "To murder your homosexual lover."

Dalton shuddered, and a great surge of breath left his body as he began to lose control. Hot tears began to roll down his cheeks. He slumped forward and began to mutter indecipherably.

McGarrett grabbed his arm and shook him violently. "Control yourself, General," he said so angrily and with such force of authority that Dalton was shocked into control. McGarrett's voice pierced his heart, and his soul ached for having lost control in front of the one man whose respect he most wanted.

"I guess you have to arrest me."

"Not here," McGarrett said quietly. "Not in the presence of these brave men," he said, meaning the men beneath them in their watery grave. McGarrett nodded to Williams and Kono who closed in on Dalton and escorted him to the launch to wait for the trip to

shore.

McGarrett stayed at the Memorial's center until the launch was ready to depart, lost in his own thoughts.

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Dalton sat quietly, listening to McGarrett's litany of the evidence against him: the aspirin tin, the coroner's report, the oleander-tainted water in the bottom of the dishwasher, the photos, the letters, his fingerprints everywhere in Cotroni's house, the taxi drivers who could put him in the vicinity. How could I have been so naive? he asked himself over and over.

McGarrett was waiting for him to say something, to deny the charges, to defend himself, anything.

"I killed him," Dalton said finally. "Isn't that enough for you? I killed him."

McGarrett, who had been pacing back and forth behind his desk, stopped in his tracks. He turned to look squarely at Dalton. "No, Bricks! That's not enough for me. How could it be?" He walked to the front of his desk and sat on the corner, looming over Dalton. "Why? I want to know why."

Dalton met McGarrett's gaze, but shook his head slowly. "I can't, Steve."

McGarrett sighed and reached behind him for a folder on his desk. He removed the specs and schematics for the Atherton XF-987 and thrust them into Dalton's hands. "Recognize these?"

Dalton's eyes widened when he saw what McGarrett had handed him.

"What about these?" McGarrett demanded as he handed Dalton some more papers.

"Oh my God," Dalton moaned when he looked at the White House communiques. "Where did you get these?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"At Cotroni's house and in his safe deposit box." When Dalton didn't respond, McGarrett continued. "Let me tell you what I think, Bricks. I think Cotroni was a Soviet agent. I think he...compromised...you, and then threatened to reveal you if you didn't supply him with classified documents."

Dalton said nothing.

McGarrett exploded. "Dammit, Bricks! Why won't you help yourself? Tell me what happened."

Dalton raised his head and returned McGarrett's gaze. "He was blackmailing me. But not the way you think." For the next half hour Dalton told McGarrett everything. He knew most of what he had to say made McGarrett recoil, but he didn't interrupt. When he finished, Dalton felt stronger for the telling. He sat up straight, ready to face McGarrett's wrath.

"Why didn't you come to me, Bricks?" McGarrett asked quietly, his voice sounding more hurt than angry. "I could have helped you with Anatov."

Dalton laughed. "How could I tell you about Alberto, Steve? How could I go to you?"

"I would have understood."

"Understood? The gung-ho, top-of-his-class, macho Steve McGarrett I knew wouldn't have understood. Don't kid yourself."

"All right," McGarrett said angrily. "I wouldn't have understood. I'll never understand. But I would have accepted it. I would have accepted you. I would have helped."

"Then help me now, Steve. Help me now."

McGarrett stood and went behind his desk. "I can't help you with the murder charge," he said after he'd thought a minute. "That will be up to the D.A. But if you help me nail Anatov, I'll do what I can with the Navy."

"Just tell me what you want me to do."

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At the Ilikai, Dimitri Anatov hung up the phone. A cryptic message from one of his field agents told him everything he needed to know. Dalton had met McGarrett on the Arizona Memorial that afternoon and left escorted by McGarrett's men looking shaken and distraught. It had happened as expected.

The Soviet turned out the light and lay in the dark for a moment thinking. While he slept that night, he knew that certain events would be put into motion. Events that would make him a major player. Tomorrow would be his day. He planned to enjoy it immensely.

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Late that night, as McGarrett climbed into his own bed for the first time in three days, he knew he wouldn't sleep. At Annapolis he had learned that any decision was better than no decision. But had he made the right decision today?

He tossed and turned for nearly an hour; it was too hot to sleep. Reluctantly he pulled himself to his feet, crossed to the balcony, and threw open the French doors. He stood naked in the dark, feeling the ocean breeze rush around him, cooling his aching body and blowing away his mental cobwebs. The salty air brought back memories, memories of a night twenty-seven years ago on the cold North Atlantic Ocean. It was the night Bricks Dalton had saved his life.

It was the summer practice cruise after their plebe year at the Academy. McGarrett would have preferred assignment to a destroyer, but he and Bricks wanted to stay together and Bricks would have been miserable on anything smaller than a battleship. They were assigned to the U.S.S. New Mexico, patrolling the North Atlantic. For two

months he, Bricks, and eight other midshipmen rotated among duty stations, working their tails off. They did every dirty deed there is to do on a battlegroup. If nothing else, they learned to respect the enlisted men who had to do the chores day-in and day-out, and the salty old Chief Petty Officers who kept the ship running smoothly. They looked forward to their return to Annapolis where, because of their new status as Youngsters, life promised to be infinitely more pleasant.

The last week of the cruise, McGarrett, Dalton and two other middies were assigned to work with the damage control unit. It was a week of endless drilling; a lot of things can go wrong on a battleship and damage control specialists must know how to respond quickly. They were on standby during night gunnery practice when a gun jammed and fire broke out.

The blazing ammunition handling room was quickly sealed off. McGarrett, Bricks, and several seamen pulled out injured gunner's mates while others fought the fire. It was almost under control when another middle broke the seal, letting air gush in to fan the fire to a greater intensity.

McGarrett and Bricks were carrying out a badly wounded crewman when the backdraft knocked McGarrett to the deck. The heat burned his face and quickly rendered him unconscious. Bricks dragged the injured crewman to safety and ran back in for McGarrett, disobeying an officer's order to wait until the area was re-sealed. He pulled McGarrett out of danger just seconds before the area was consumed in flames. McGarrett spent the rest of the cruise in sickbay, and Bricks was awarded his first decoration for heroism, the Navy Commendation Medal. It was the first indication of Bricks's immense physical courage, and the beginning of a spectacular career.

The memory of the flames and heat, the memory of waking the next morning in sickbay where Bricks had stood vigil next to his bed all night, brought McGarrett back to the present. He returned to his bed, hoping he could sleep now. Bricks had never asked McGarrett for anything. He never even mentioned the incident again. But now it was Bricks who might be engulfed in flames, and McGarrett knew he had to do whatever he could to save him.

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Dimitri Anatov stopped outside Harley's Pizzeria and mopped the perspiration from his face with his linen handkerchief. He loved America, and all things American; but he hated Hawaii. It was too hot, too expensive, and had too many bugs. He longed to be back in Washington where the winters were like a Moscow spring.

Anatov looked at his watch. Quarter after twelve. Good. Being late would throw Dalton off balance. McGarrett too. Anatov knew that he would need any edge he could get over McGarrett if he was to escape with his prize.

He strolled casually into the restaurant, knowing how out-of-place he looked in his three-piece Brooks Brothers suit. He smiled at the owner, Harley Konokaua, a burly hapa-haole whose mother was Sicilian. At the counter he ordered an American beer with a German name and a slice of pizza with anchovies. He leaned against the counter while he waited for his pizza, casually surveying the restaurant.

At a table near the front window, four mailmen devoured two large pizzas, their bags bulging with mail at their feet. A couple with small children--obviously tourists--occupied a booth on the side wall. Anatov hoped they would leave soon; he didn't want to risk children being hurt.

He saw Dalton nursing a beer in a booth on the back wall. Dalton hadn't shaved, and from the look of the red bags under his eyes, Anatov guessed he hadn't slept either. Another good sign. Now Anatov was certain Dalton had betrayed him.

Near Dalton's booth, a sandy-haired young man dressed in standard tourist garb intently played at a pinball machine. At the last stool at the counter a large Hawaiian inhaled a pizza supreme. Anatov recognized these two easily. They were Williams and Kono of Five-0. He smiled inwardly, feeling McGarrett's presence all around him.

When his pizza was ready he carried it to the booth where Dalton waited for him. "My friend," he said after he sat down. "You do not look well. Cold-blooded murder does not agree with you."

"Cut the crap, Anatov," Bricks said angrily. "Did you bring the money?"

"Money, money, money," Anatov said slowly, his voice feigning distaste for the word. "Now that we no longer have Alberto to bind us to one another, I suppose money is all that is left."

Dalton rose, as though he were going to leave.

"I have the money," Anatov said quickly, smiling as he watched Dalton return to his seat. "Capitalists. You are all alike."

"Don't give me that bull, Anatov. You're just as greedy as the rest of us."

"Ah, yes, my friend. I admit it. All the years I have spent in this country have perverted me. It is your politics that I detest, not your economics." Anatov paused, wondering whether Dalton was wired for sound. It would not do for his superiors to hear that. "Do you have the schematics for the heads-up display, as promised?"

Dalton reached into the Hallmark bag he had brought with him and removed a manila envelope. He placed the envelope on the table and laid his hand on top of it. For a moment Anatov did nothing. He didn't really care about the envelope's contents; he doubted it was really the promised schematics anyway. Finally he removed a small envelope from his inside jacket pocket and held it open for Dalton to see.

"Twenty-thousand American dollars, my friend, as agreed."

Dalton took the envelope with the case and removed his hand from the table. "Just do me one favor, Anatov."

"Anything, my friend."

"Stop calling me your friend. I'd kill you right now if I had the

chance. I'd gladly kill you for what you've turned me into."

Anatov laughed. "I have not turned you into anything that you weren't already, my fr--"

"Yes you have, my friend," McGarrett said coldly, coming up quietly behind Anatov, startling him. Anatov had expected McGarrett to play his hand soon, but had anticipated a noisier entrance by the dynamic Five-0 chief.

"You've stolen his honor, and I won't let you get away with that."

Anatov recovered his composure quickly. "Ah, Mr. McGarrett. Right on time. I have been expecting you."

It was McGarrett's turn to be surprised. Maybe he had underestimated this low-level diplomat. "Expecting me?"

"Of course, Mr. McGarrett. You see, this is not really about the heads- up display." He tossed the manila envelope on the table. "This is about you."

"Me?" McGarrett had an uneasy feeling in his gut. What was happening here? Anatov was acting more like the captor than the captive.

"Surely you know I am familiar with your operation. Look behind you."

McGarrett turned slowly, expecting the worst and finding it. The four "mailmen" were on their feet, semi-automatic pistols pulled and trained on Danny, Kono, and himself. He turned back to the booth and leveled his gaze on Anatov. "I'm not going to let you just walk out of here."

"I think you do not have much choice, Mr. McGarrett." Anatov slid to the end of the booth and pushed McGarrett out of the way. He stood, the top of his balding head barely reaching McGarrett's chin. "Besides, Mr. McGarrett, you will be coming with me." Anatov reached into McGarrett's jacket and withdrew his police revolver.

"You'll never get off this island, Anatov." McGarrett took the Soviet's threat seriously. It wouldn't be the first time in recent years that Soviet or Chinese agents had tried to abduct him.

"You do not give me enough credit, Mr. McGarrett. I have been planning this for weeks, ever since General Dalton told me you and he had been roommates at your Naval Academy. I hope you like borscht, Mr. McGarrett, because that is what you will be having for dinner. In Moscow." He waved toward the storeroom door with McGarrett's revolver. "That way, please."

"I'm not going anywhere, Anatov," McGarrett said, stalling for time. Duke and five HPD officers were in a van parked across the street. He had to stall Anatov long enough for Duke to know something had gone wrong. He knew if he went through that door with Anatov he very well might be eating Borscht for dinner. He looked harshly at Dalton. "So this was all a set-up to get me?"



"No, Steve, I swear," Dalton pleaded. "I swear, I didn't know. I didn't know--"

"Bringing you in will be a--how you say?--a feather in my cap. More than worth the \$20,000, General Dalton. Thank you." Again he motioned McGarrett toward the storeroom door.

McGarrett feigned a move toward the door as directed, but bolted suddenly toward the Soviet, desperately trying to strip the revolver from Anatov's hand.

Anatov cracked him on the side of his face with the barrel of his revolver. He grinned as he watched McGarrett stumble backwards, dazed from the blow.

"I will enjoy your company in Moscow, Mr. McGarrett. And after you have told me everything you know, I will enjoy killing you."

"No!" Bricks shouted, suddenly coming to terms with what he had done. He leapt from his seat in the booth and lunged for Anatov. Startled, the Soviet fired twice, striking Dalton both times in the abdomen. Dalton lurched forward, pulling Anatov to the floor with him.

McGarrett saw his chance. Running forward, he grabbed his revolver from Anatov's hand, did a shoulder roll, and crouched behind the pinball machine for cover. Danny and Kono had used the diversion too, diving for cover and pulling their weapons. McGarrett fired, taking out one of Anatov's goons, just as Duke and his men charged in, responding to the sound of gun fire.

Anatov barked a command to his men to lay down their weapons and surrender. A wise move, McGarrett thought, by a cool customer; one who knew he couldn't be prosecuted. At worst he would be deported amid a flurry of diplomatic protests.

McGarrett scrambled to his feet and rushed to Dalton's side. "Hold on, Bricks," he said, his voice and eyes full of urgency. "Hold on."

Dalton clutched McGarrett's arm and pulled him down to him. The front of his aloha shirt was blood-soaked; a trickle of blood ran down the corner of his mouth. "I'm not going to make it, Chisel," he said, his voice strained with pain.

"Don't say that, Bricks," McGarrett said, not wanting to hear what he already knew. "Where the hell is that ambulance?" he shouted to Duke. "Where the hell--" His throat closed as he felt Dalton convulse.

"Steve," Dalton said, gasping for what McGarrett knew would be his last breaths. "Promise me...promise me Tammy will never know what I did."

McGarrett stopped breathing for a moment. He tried to swallow but couldn't; his throat was so tight he wasn't sure he could even talk. He had sworn oaths to uphold the law and defend the United States. He had never covered-up anything in his life, no matter what the consequences. To do what Dalton wanted would violate his personal code of honor. But how could he refuse the dying request of a man who

now had saved his life twice?

"Bricks, I--"

"Promise me," Dalton pleaded desperately.

McGarrett nodded. "I promise, Bricks," he said softly. He would keep his promise too, even if it cost him his career.

Dalton smiled. Suddenly he tensed as he fought the intense pain that racked his body. He tightened his grip on McGarrett's arm until it made McGarrett wince.

"Bricks," McGarrett said as he felt Dalton's grip begin to loosen. "Bricks." He heard Dalton exhale his final breath and felt his body go limp. He watched, dazed, as his friend's hand dropped to the floor. McGarrett shook his head, unable to accept what had just happened. He removed his jacket, laying it over Dalton's face.

After a moment he saw that Danny was standing a few feet away, watching and listening. He stood, suddenly feeling very old and very tired.

"What are you going to do, Steve?" Danny asked quietly.

"Do?" McGarrett echoed. He looked at Danny coldly for a minute. Finally, he said, "I'm going to tell Tammy Dalton that her husband died in the service of his country, helping me break a dangerous Soviet spy ring."

Danny was silent for a moment, thinking of the implications of what McGarrett had just said. "And the official reports?"

"Leave them to me, Danno," he said softly, rubbing his eyes, trying to turn back the tears that threatened to burn his cheeks. He looked at Bricks's body lying on the floor. He looked at the revolver he still held in his hand; the revolver that had killed his oldest friend; his revolver. He turned back to Danny. "I'm going to pull Bricks out of the fire."

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